Perelandra #80 / September 1990

from No Woman Born by C. L. Moore

"—so many complications," Maltzer was saying in his worried voice with its faintest possible echo of Deirdre's lovely, cadenced rhythm. (The sweet, soft huskiness he would never hear again.) "There was shock, of course. Terrible shock. And a great fear of fire. We had to conquer that before we could take the first steps. But we did it. When you go in you'll probably find her sitting before the fire." He caught the startled question in Harris' eyes and smiled. "No, she can't feel the warmth now, of course. But she likes to watch the flames. She's mastered any abnormal fear of them quite beautifully.

"She can—" Harris hesitated. "Her eyesight's normal now?"

"Perfect," Maltzer said. "Perfect vision was fairly simple to provide. After all, that sort of thing has already been worked out, in other connections. I might even say her vision's a little better than perfect, from our own standpoint." He shook his head irritably. "I'm not worried about the mechanics of the thing. Luckily they got to her before the brain was touched at all. Shock was the only danger to her sensory centers, and we took care of all that first of all, as soon as communication could be established. Even so, it needed great courage on her part. Great courage. " He was silent for a moment, staring into his empty glass.

"Harris," he said suddenly, without looking up, "have I made a mistake? Should we have let her die?"

Harris shook his head helplessly. It was an unanswerable question. It had tormented the whole world for a year now. There had been hundreds of answers and thousands of words written on the subject. Has anyone the right to preserve a brain alive when its body is destroyed? Even if a new body can be provided, necessarily so very unlike the old?

"It's not that she's—ugly—now," Maltzer went on hurriedly, as if afraid of an answer. "Metal isn't ugly. And Deirdre . . . well, you'll see. I tell you, I can't see myself. I know the whole mechanism so well—it's just mechanics to me. Maybe she's—grotesque. I don't know. Often I've wished I hadn't been on the spot, with all my ideas, just when the fire broke out. Or that it could have been anyone but Deirdre. She was so beautiful—Still, if it had been someone else I think the whole thing might have failed completely. It takes more than just an uninjured brain. It takes strength and courage beyond common, and—well, something more. Something—unquenchable. Deirdre has it. She's still Deirdre. In a way she's still beautiful. But I'm not sure anybody but myself could see that. And you know what she plans?"

"No—what?"

"She's going back on the air-screen."

Harris looked at him in stunned disbelief.

"She is still beautiful," Maltzer told him fiercely. "She's got courage, and a serenity that amazes me. And she isn't in the least worried or resentful about what's happened. Or afraid what the verdict of the public will be. But I am, Harris. I'm terrified."

They looked at each other for a moment more, neither speaking. Then Maltzer shrugged and stood up.

"She's in there," he said, gesturing with his glass.

Harris turned without a word, not giving himself time to hesitate. He crossed toward the inner door.

The room was full of a soft, clear, indirect light that climaxed in the fire crackling on a white tiled hearth. Harris paused inside the door, his heart beating thickly. He did not see her for a moment. It was a perfectly commonplace room, bright, light, with pleasant furniture, and flowers on the tables. Their perfume was sweet on the clear air. He did not see Deirdre.

Then a chair by the fire creaked as she shifted her weight in it. The high back hid her, but she spoke. And for one dreadful moment it was the voice of an automaton that sounded in the room, metallic, without inflection.

"Hel-lo—" said the voice. Then she laughed and tried again. And it was the old, familiar, sweet huskiness he had not hoped to hear again as long as he lived.

In spite of himself he said, "Deirdre!" and her image rose before him as if she herself had risen unchanged from the chair, tall, golden, swaying a little with her wonderful dancer's poise, the lovely, imperfect features lighted by the glow that made them beautiful. It was the cruelest thing his memory could have done to him. And yet the voice—after that one lapse, the voice was perfect.

"Come and look at me, John," she said.

He crossed the floor slowly, forcing himself to move. That instant's flash of vivid recollection had nearly wrecked his hard-won poise. He tried to keep his mind perfectly blank as he came at last to the verge of seeing what no one but Maltzer had so far seen or known about in its entirety. No one at all had known what shape would be forged to clothe the most beautiful woman on Earth, now that her beauty was gone.

He had envisioned many shapes. Great, lurching robot forms, cylindrical, with hinged arms and legs. A glass case with the brain floating in it and appendages to serve its needs. Grotesque visions, like nightmares come nearly true. And each more inadequate than the last, for what metal shape could possibly do more than house ungraciously the mind and brain that had once enchanted a whole world?

Then he came around the wing of the chair, and saw her.

The human brain is often too complicated a mechanism to function perfectly. Harris' brain was called upon now to perform a very elaborate series of shifting impressions. First, incongruously, he remembered a curious inhuman figure he had once glimpsed leaning over the fence rail outside a farmhouse. For an instant the shape had stood up integrated, ungainly, impossibly human, before the glancing eye resolved it into an arrangement of brooms and buckets. What the eye had found only roughly humanoid, the suggestible brain had accepted fully formed. It was thus now, with Deirdre.

The first impression that his eyes and mind took from sight of her was shocked and incredulous, for his brain said to him unbelievingly, *"This is Deirdre! She hasn't changed at all!"*

Then the shift of perspective took over, and even more shockingly, eye and brain said, "No, not Deirdre—not human. Nothing but metal coils. Not Deirdre at all—" And that was the worst. It was like waking from a dream of someone beloved and lost, and facing anew, after that heartbreaking reassurance of sleep, the inflexible fact that nothing can bring the lost to life again. Deirdre was gone, and

this was only machinery heaped in a flowered chair.

Then the machinery moved, exquisitely, smoothly, with a grace as familiar as the swaying poise he remembered. The sweet, husky voice of Deirdre said,

"It's me, John darling. It really is, you know."

And it was.

That was the third metamorphosis, and the final one. Illusion steadied and became factual, real. It was Deirdre.

He sat down bonelessly. He had no muscles. He looked at her speechless and unthinking, letting his senses take in the sight of her without trying to rationalize what he saw.

She was golden still. They had kept that much of her, the first impression of warmth and color which had once belonged to her sleek hair and the apricot tints of her skin. But they had had the good sense to go no farther. They had not tried to make a wax image of the lost Deirdre. *(No woman born who was so beautiful—Not one so beautiful, of all the women born—)*

And so she had no face. She had only a smooth, delicately modeled ovoid for her head, with a . . . a sort of crescent-shaped mask across the frontal area where her eyes would have been if she had needed eyes. A narrow, curved quarter-moon, with the horns turned upward. It was filled in with something translucent, like cloudy crystal, and tinted the aquamarine of the eyes Deirdre used to have. Through that, then, she saw the world. Through that she looked without eyes, and behind it, as behind the eyes of a human—she was.

Except for that, she had no features. And it had been wise of those who designed her, he realized now. Subconsciously he had been dreading some clumsy attempt at human features that might creak like a marionette's in parodies of animation. The eyes, perhaps, had had to open in the same place upon her head, and at the same distance apart, to make easy for her an adjustment to the stereoscopic vision she used to have. But he was glad they had not given her two eye-shaped openings with glass marbles inside them. The mask was better.

♥

This is the eightieth issue of *Perelandra*, an amateur monthly magazine of postal games, literature and strange opinions. Your editor doesn't know much about art, but he does know what he likes, which is *not* Van Gogh's early pen and ink sketches (you'll have to come see *Corpse!* to get that joke). This theatrical character is Pete Gaughan and he charges admission to this and every performance of *Perelandra*. Send subscriptions of $1.50 per issue to Box 7006, Corte Madera CA 94925-7006.

Game Openings and the like are on the Records page, the inside back cover. I would appreciate it if each reader would check there for any occurances of his or her name, since the thing is starting to fill up and I'm finding it hard to get computer time between deadlines to input changes. What this means is that sometimes I'm working from memory, or from multiple scraps of paper. Speaking of paper, this issue will, like the last, be on recycled paper – I'll let you know whether I can run it in the office or if I have to take it to a shop.

IT'S ME AGAIN!!!!!

by Cathy Gaughan

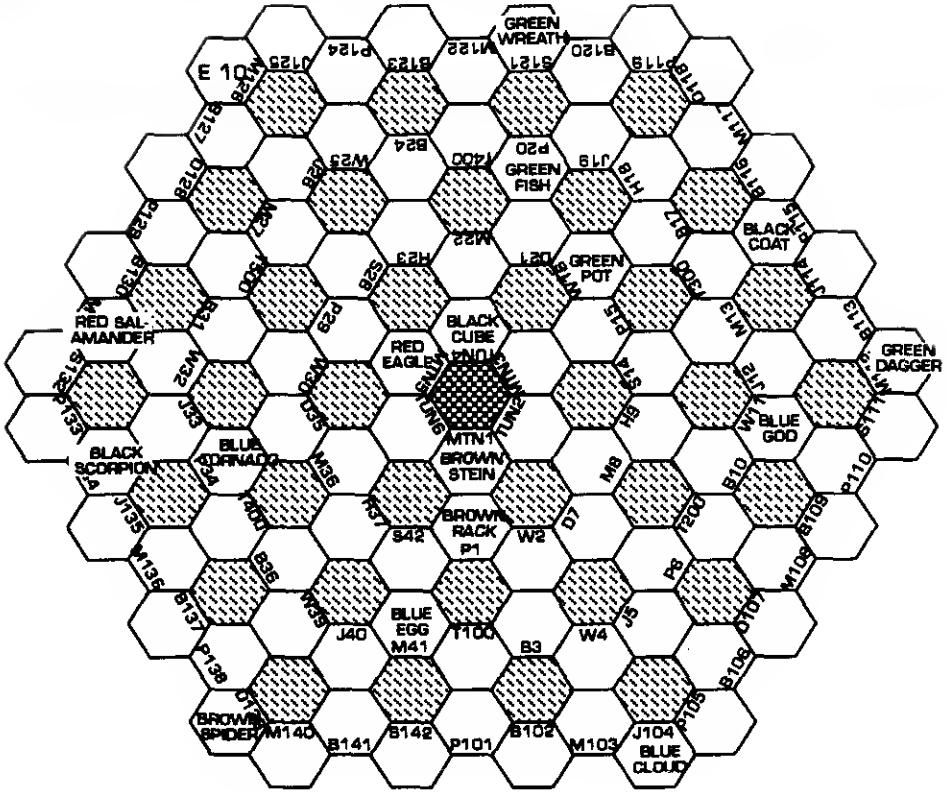
It's been a while since you've heard from me. I feel I've been pretty busy since moving to California. I really like it here. There are some differences that stood out immediately when I got here. One was the driving... There really is a "California Stop". I'm not quite sure how stop got in the title. [[Ed.: What happens is drivers pull up to a stop sign and keep rolling slightly, estimating when the traffic will pass.]] Anyway, several times I thought I was going to get run over; now however, I try to keep in rhythm so I don't mess things up. The other is the weather; everyone starts complaining about how hot it is when it gets into the high eighties. I was terribly excited to find out that I wouldn't have to deal with hundred degree weather regularly in the summer. I guess the winters are going to be different, too.

I'm not sure what all I should talk about. I guess I'll let you know I have a job (yeal). I was wondering if I was ever going to find one. I wanted a change of pace from my jobs in Texas. Basically, I wanted out of retail and off on weekends, well, actually probably if there would have been a retail store that was closed weekends that might have been ok, too. Thank goodness that didn't happen. Anyway, I pretty much set my mind on an office job, of course my experience was very lacking. So, I went to a temporary agency to see what they could come up with. Well, for the first couple of months, I was very disappointed. The agency sent me to places that I was clearly not qualified for the jobs. Of course that made me feel terrible about myself, you know the "I'm no good for any job syndrome". Finally, I took another approach to the agency. I had only been going on interviews for permanent full time jobs. I started taking temporary jobs, some were pretty boring, but at least I was working. Then, I was asked to fill a temporary to permanent position. This is where you work for a company and the company decides whether they would like to keep you permanently. I started with Clarke Home Nursing Service as a temp in April. (I like not having to interview, I tend not to show all my possibilities.) I was finally hired permanently as of Sept. 1. There were some shakey moments when I thought I was a goner, but I proved myself valuable to the company. I am an Office Assistant.

Clarke is a great company to work for; I've already received a $100 bonus from them back in June. The first week I was there Pete and I were invited to the company picnic and had a swell time. The food was great; we got to play baseball and volleyball (that is, Pete dropped flyballs and I played volleyball). I do most of the filing in patient's charts, keep up all the copying, notify RNs of certain things they should do. All of Clarke's patients have to have Medicare, which will pay only if you meet certain criteria. So, I make sure that some of the (bureaucratic) criteria are met. I hope that kind of clears up my job.

Now on to something totally different, I was glad that we were able to have a mini-con. Everyone seemed to have a nice time. I know I enjoyed meeting you guys. Pete will have to help me with names. I'm terrible with names. I remember Chuff because he called ahead of time and I answered the phone. Also, his name is rather unique. I remember there being two military guys here. One obviously in the service and one I had to be told [Scott & Lance]. Ariel was new to diplomacy, so everyone was his friend in the Dip game, right guys?? Pete made a terrible blunder on his very first set of orders, so I feel he made his usual first impression. Believe me, with time, Pete really can make sense (I'm not sure you all have that kind of time). Of course, I hit the sack before the dip game was over, so Pete has to inform you of the outcome. There was a fire fighter here, too [Chuck Mercer]. Gosh, I wish I could remember names. Anyway, I look forward to when we can plan a party for the whole weekend. Later, Dudes!

GIFFARD
Map after Round Twelve



GIFFARD Gunboat Titan

Round Twelve: Top of the Class

Sorry, I corrected my ruling on Black's moves lastish but I didn't edit the paragraph that explained my position! It should have said: In the case of Black: player ordered one move and three holds (sorry, Blue, you would have been fighting anyway). Since the one move was illegal, but not an nmr situation, I moved the legion the player chose to move, especially since his muster or lack thereof would have been the same.

Engagement 8: Blue God defeats Brown Scroll. 2 Gargoyles, 1 Centaur die; 24 points to Blue. God re-enters at W11.

Engagement 9: Blue Tornado defeats Black Jack O'Lantern (forfeit). Angel, Ogre, 2 Trolls die; 68 points to Blue. Tornado re-enters at Plains P34.

BLACK LEGIONS (rolled a 1): nmr. Spiked Cube Marsh M22-Tundra TUN4000; Coat of Arms Brush B116-Plains P115; Scorpion Jungle J135-Brush B134. Standby will be called.

BLUE LEGIONS (rolled a 2): Egg Plains P101-Marsh M41; Tornado Plains P34; God Woods W11; Raincloud Brush B106-Jungle J104.

BROWN LEGIONS (rolled a 1): Spider Marsh M140-Desert D139; Rack Mountains 1000-Plains P1; Stein holds in Mountains 1000.

GREEN LEGIONS (rolled a 5): Dead Fish holds in Plains P20; Dagger holds in Marsh M112; Boiling Pot Brush B113-Woods W16; Wreath holds in Swamp S121; Serpent Ring holds in Marsh M126 (engaged by Red).

RED LEGIONS (rolled a 6): Salamander Brush B137-Marsh M131; Double Eagle Tower 500 Titan teleports to Mountains 5000; Star Tower 500-Plains P124 (engages Green).

Next Deadline: Round 13 by Oct. 8

Engagement 10: Red Star attacks Green Serpent Ring at Marsh M126. Defender enters through 1-15-14.

musters for Round 12: Angel, Behemoth, Centaur, Dragon. points: Blue 183, Red 94, Brown 63, Green 36, Black 24.

Creature Counts should be included for each of you, let me know if I forget them. Sorry I held this turn up, but I was giving Black a chance to get orders in.

Brown to Blue: I know where you're hiding now!

God to Gargoyles: That which does not kill us makes us stronger. And, no, Green, we did *not* flee!

LITERARY QUIZ

Last month's quiz:

NA806: What region is called the "American Serengeti?" Here's Mark Weseman's answer:

"Do you mean U.S. or do you mean Western Hemisphere (N, S, and Central America)? I'm assuming Western Hemisphere.

"My guess is that the Serengeti brings to mind big herds of large four-footed animals. The only place in this hemisphere where there are large herds of anything is in Alaska and Northern Canada.

"One hundred years ago the answer probably was the North American Great Plains."

Pete here: I was specifically looking for the north slope of Alaska, for its huge herds of caribou resembling the antelope of Africa. For some strange (dare we say, Boobish?) reason, Jim-Bob said, "The desert of Maine." Unfortunately, I see no region of Maine which qualifies as a desert (definition is less than 10" rainfall annually, no?). But that's beside the point. Jim, I've never seen this reference, so you'll have to show me where Maine has been equated with the Serengeti. (More on Maine in the letter column.)

Tom Hurst had two possible answers. "1) The Great Plains, because of the buffalo migrations (before we killed them all off) and the rainfall pattern; and 2) New York (Chicago, L.A., name your city), because of the animal migrations daily at rush hour. (Unfortunately, we haven't killed them off yet, but given the drug wars, wait a few years.)" Dick Martin guessed "Kansas – where else would it be?"

For next month, for one full free issue...

L818: What did Humphrey Van Weyden and Maud Brewster have in common?

And for one half-issue...

LRQ: Name three Americans who were professional writers before instigating a new religion.

GRAMARYE / British Rails

ROUND #21: STRIKING UNIONISTS FORCE DELAYS; CAUTIOUS CAPITALISTS DON'T HELP MATTERS

Railroad: Wrobel's Wrailway
Owner: Ed Wrobel

Move 9mp E.

card 5: edinburgh/hops/£33; holyhead/tobacco/£21; glasgow/pigs/£15.
card 40: exeter/coal/£23; glasgow/beer/£32; nottingham/chemicals/£25.
card 114: norwich/coal/£16; lancaster/textiles/£6; penzance/tourists/£34.

Freight carrying oats & chemicals.

Opening Bal:	£ 9	order this time: 4 next: 4 GOs? yes
Income:	+	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 9	

Railroad: Lost Buchanan Road
Owner: Craig Mills

Pick up coal, move 9mp S. Build into Hull (£9M), and from Manchester E & S (£10M).

card 59: hull/pottery/£16; glasgow/tourists/£19; northampton/cattle/£6.
card 96: ipswich/oil/£15; cardiff/rubber/£15; dundee/clay/£52.
card 17: berwick/sugar/£20; barnstaple/textiles/£22; pembroke/hops/£14.

Freight carrying fruit & textiles.

Opening Bal:	£ 47	order this time: 5 next: 3 GOs? yes
Income:	+	
Expenses:	- 19	
Balance:	£ 26	

Railroad: Puppytail Rail
Owner: Bruce Linsey

Move 9mp E and S.

card 8: newcastle/fruit/£25 cardigan/pigs/£21 lincoln/imports/£15.
card 2: penzance/cars/£28 ipswich/cotton/£23 perth/lead/£38.
card 97: cardiff/fruit/£7 portsmouth/sheep/£24 newcastle/steel/£12.

Freight carrying steel and fish.

Opening Bal:	£ 12	order this time: 6 next: 2 GOs? yes
Income:	+	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 12	

Railroad: Connie's Cousin's Caboose
Owner: Tom Nash

Move 1mp into Cardigan to sell sugar (card 44) for £28. Draws Event #133.

card 13: swansea/cotton/£22; penzance/tobacco/£18; lincoln/const. mat./£9;
card 92: stoke/oil/£15; birmingham/lead/£11; dolgellau/tourists/£12
card 112: bristol/coal/£13; middlesb'gh/machinery/£11; edinburgh/textiles/£6.

Freight carrying sugar.

Opening Bal:	£ 2	order this time: 7 next: 1 GOs? **no**
Income:	+ 28	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 30	

Railroad: Silkworth's Sober Steamers
Owner: Geoff Richard

Move 9mp S and W. Build 1mp E out of Perth.

card 20: perth/tourists/£25; berwick/fish/£21; holyhead/rubber/£36.
card 34: perth/coal/£6; norwich/machinery/£5; portsmouth/jute/£45.
card 35: leeds/fruit/£15; pembroke/coal/£9; dumfries/lead/£28.

Freight carrying textiles and coal.

Opening Bal:	£ 2	order this time: 1 next: 7 GOs? yes
Income:	+	
Expenses:	- 1	
Balance:	£ 1	

Railroad: Bergmann's Boxcars
Owner: Jason Bergmann

No Moves Received.

card 85: newcastle/lead/£28; penzance/pigs/£40; dover/tourists/£6.
card 16: hull/jute/£35; colchester/lead/£29; stranraer/fish/£32.
card 84: exeter/sheep/£26; birmingham/chemicals/£26; berwick/textiles/£12.

Freight carrying coal.

Opening Bal:	£ 33	order this time: 2 next: 6 GOs? **no**
Income:	+	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 33	

Railroad: Birmingham & Hereford Rail Road
Owner: Eric Brosius

Move 7mp N. Build £3M into Berwick, £1M W out of Edinburgh, and £3M E out of Glasgow.

card 7: holyhead/hops/£19; edinburgh/tobacco/£45; plymouth/tourists/£26.
card 79: reading/barley/£14; liverpool/cattle/£7; stoke/textiles/£4.
card 98: london/beer/£3; hereford/pottery/£8; hull/tourists/£16.

Freight carrying coal & tobacco.

Opening Bal:	£ 10	order this time: 3 next: 5 GOs? yes
Income:	+	
Expenses:	- 7	
Balance:	£ 3	

Round 21

I forgot to have B&H pay LBR last time; I also failed to credit LBR and BB with sales. All corrected with the 'opening balances' this time.

Event #133: TEAMSTER'S STRIKE No train may pick up or deliver any load at any major city, or any city more than three mileposts from the English Channel, the Celtic Sea, the Irish Sea, or the North Sea. In effect until the end of Round 22.

Deadline for Round 22 and 23 is October 8.

GRAMARYE STUFF after Round 21

Cards Remaining: 3 9 10 11 12 14 15 18 19 21 24 25 28 29 30 33 36 37 38 39 41 43 45 50 53 54 55 56 57 58 60 61 62 63 67 69 72 73 75 82 88 89 90 99 100 101 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 113 116 117 119 121 122 126 127 128 131 132 135 137 139 140.

Discard Pile: 1 4 6 16 17 22 23 26 27 31 32 35 42 44 46 47 48 49 51 52 64 65 66 68 70 71 74 76 77 78 80 83 86 87 91 94 95 98 102 103 123 124 125 129 130 133 134 136 137 138.

One slash for each line built into a city; strikeout type indicates a locked-out city.

ayr\	CARDIFF	~~dumfries\\~~	~~hull\\~~	~~northampton\\~~	aberystwyth\
barnstaple	cardigan\	DUNDEE	ipswich	NORWICH	reading
barrow\	CARLISLE	EDINBURGH\\	lancaster\	~~NOTTINGHAM\\~~	SHEFFIELD\
berwick\	colchester	exeter\	~~LEEDS\\~~	pembroke\	southampton\
brighton	COVENTRY\	~~gloucester\\~~	lincoln\	penzance	STOKE\\
BRISTOL\	doigellau\	~~hereford\\~~	~~LIVERPOOL\\~~	perth\	stranraer
cambridge	dover	holyhead	MIDDLESBROUGH\	~~portsmouth\\~~	swansea\
					YORK\\

Mercantile report (filled buttons indicate loads on board trains at the end of the round):

Barley	○○○	Coal	◉◉◉○○○	Imports	○○○	Pigs	○○○	Textiles	◉◉○○○
Beer	○○○○○	Con. Mat.	○○○	Jute	○○○	Pottery	○○○	Tobacco	◉○○○
Cars	○○○	Cotton	○○○	Lead	○○○	Rubber	○○○	Tourists	○○○
Cattle	○○○○	Fish	◉○○○	Machinery	○○○	Sheep	○○○		
Chemicals	◉○○○	Fruit	◉○○○	Oats	◉○○○	Steel	◉○○○		
Clay	○○	Hops	○○○	Oil	○○○	Sugar	◉◉○		

BELGARION / ASF10

Turn Six: Alphonse and Gaston

Segment One: The crowd is hushed with anticipation of a classic finish here at Belgar's house, as four Snowfighters vie for the victory. Jeff McKee opens the play with a simple, hard Dolton Dirigible heaved at Auld Meed, which goes way wide. Oh, well, it's early yet. Probo makes things interesting by pasting Boleroing Barrister with a Ravenscroft Rattlesnake, but BB has plenty of hit points to give and is already packing a fearsome weapon of reprisal. Ice Cream joins J.C. Chiller and McGnasty in the hothouse, while Captain Snowman and Auld Meed crank out more deathballs.

Segment Two: Captain S scrambles southward for a better angle on Meed, while Probo throws himself into the midst of the fray. The Lawyer follows Probo on his tracking system, and launches what would be the winning strike ... but it's long overthrown! With four players inside, Auld Meed tries to inch closer to success by pegging Jeffer, who's bent over scooping something together that vaguely resembles a blob the size of El Rey's Garbage Burrito. For once a shot works, and McKee finds himself down to his last point of wetness!

Segment Three: Meed and the Barrister think there might be more to come, so they pack ammo; JCC and McGnasty think so too and they trot outside and assume positions. Probo and Captain Snowman are out of it but try to play spoiler by shooting at Auld Meed (pathetic, ain't it?). Which leaves Jeff McKee, uncovered and unopposed, to heave a Dirigible at the nearest victim. It happens to be Probo, who happens to be just close enough to get SPLAT! in the face!! **McKee wins!**

Snowfighter (player)	vp	hp	actions
Auld Meed / AM (Tom Hurst)	13	6	collect 2sb / attack JM with RR [95,79] / collect 2sb
Boleroing Barrister / BB (Greg Ellis)	12	4	collect di / attack nearest with di [P: 30,61] / collect di
Captain Snowman / CS (Tim Stark)	9	1	collect 2sb / move Q5-S5-T5-U5 / attack AM with RR [95,59]
Ice Cream / IC (J.R. Baker)	13	0	run for kitchen and pout
J.C. Chiller / JC (Brad Wilson)	2	10	sit / sit / run outside, prepared to fight, to R8
Jeff McKee / JM (Jeff McKee)	**17**	1	attack AM with di [60,80] / collect di / **attack best with di [P: 45,42]**
McGnasty / M (Tom Nash)	7	6	hold fast / hold tight / run out with my 2sb to M9
Probo / P (John Schultz)	7	1	attack BB with RR [85,84] / move to P10 / attack AM & JM with BB*

*impossible, not enough ammo

Probo to SnowMaster: Yeah, 4 RR's in a row is pretty boring. Not great strategy either. But I'm starting to get the hang of this snowball packing stuff. [[SM: No, you're not. You overestimated your armory. But no matter–your mother is calling you home anyway.]]

JM to IC: Bye bye!

Probo to BB: Who's running? I've been standing still for two turns. All-time snowball fight champ? I love knocking down mountains. Maybe not this time, but next game...you're mine!, Mr. You Don't Know Who You're Dealing With. By the way, would a little bloody nose keep you from tossing a couple fluff balls? Keep the rules like they are. Why would you want to change the rules of a game in which you are so obviously superior?

AM to BB & JM: You guys had better have reached a win this turn or you may have to share it. Congrats if you did. If not ...

SnowMaster to AM: There's another game open for you to get some element of vengeance ...

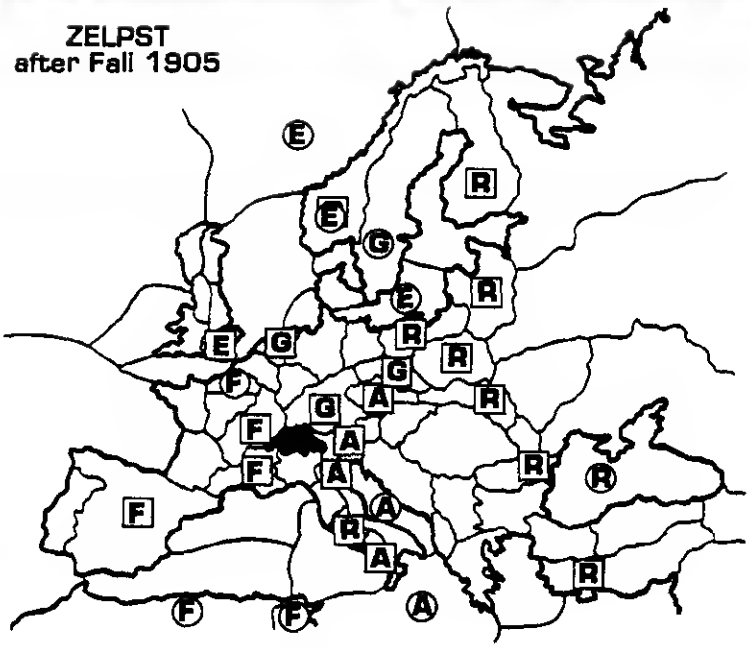
IC to All: You can't hit me, I moved back to Houston!

AM to SM: My COA is permanent, not just an alternate for vacation. Luckily, *Pere* is sent 1st class and got forwarded.

SM to Auld Meed: I figured that out *after* I sent out lastish; glad it worked out anyway!

JM to SM: It's all up to your dice now! SM to Jeff: Congratulate my dice, then!

ZELPST / 1989AJ



Summer 1905: England *did* identify that I was trying to push Army Norway into the water (nobody else caught it); his retreat is "A Nor retreats to Nts and drowns. You're a cruel man." Italian standby didn't show up, but the nation is gone anyway so it's all on Stephen's record.

Fall 1905: Fulga Gap

AUSTRIA (J.R.Baker–note COA): a gre-nap (f ion c), a tri-ven (f adr, a tyo s), a gal-boh.
ENGLAND (John Schultz): f ska-nwy (f nwg s), f bal s ger f swe, a yor-lon.
FRANCE (Lance Anderson): f bel-pic /nsu/, f pic u, f mid-naf, f wes-tun, a gas-spa, a mar ms a bur.
GERMANY (Tom Hurst): a hol h, a mun ms a sil, f swe s eng f ska-nwy.
ITALY (Stephen Carter): nmr. f lyo, a pie, a tus h.
RUSSIA (Greg Ellis): a nwy-swe /-stp -otb/ (a fin s), a mos-lvn, a war-pru, a ukr-war, a rum-gal, a con-smy, a arm-rum (f bla c), a rom s aus a tri-ven.

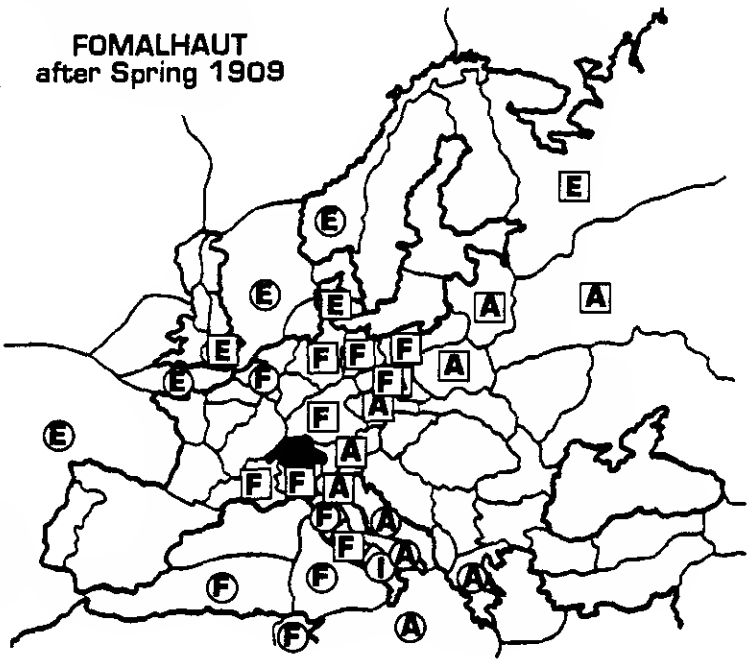
Next turn: Winter '05/Spring '06

Austria to Russia: And just where is dat soldier now!
England to Russia: Nice moves. I still say you have a PR consultant.
France to Russia: Your request is under advisement.
England to Germany: I hope life is a little less hectic now.
France to Germany: If you will vacate Holland then I will vacate Belgium and we can play this out.
From the Freiborg Fens to the Frog: There's just us muck monsters over here. Ribet, ribet.
Croakers to Huns: Well, maybe I will. This is my puddle, too.
England to Italy: I was feeling sympathetic to your plight until the NMR. Devastating.
Austria to Italy: Goodby Craig.
GM to Austria: Hello, he must be going...

ZELPST / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1905

Austria	tri	bud	ser	gre	bul	vie	VEN	NAP	.	.	.	.	6/8	build two
England	edi	lon	lvp	nwy	den	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5/5	build one
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	bel	TUN	.	.	.	.	.	6/7	build one
Germany	kie	mun	ber	hol	SWE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4/5	build one
Italy	~~rom~~	~~nap~~	~~tun~~	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3/0	out
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	~~swe~~	rum	con	ank	smy	~~ven~~	ROM	.	10/9	even or remove one

FOMALHAUT / 1988CN



votes:EF – England & France yes, Italy no; AEF – England, France & Italy yes. Sorry, No Austrian Vote Received = no. Italy proposes AEFI, France reproposes EF and AEF.
Winter 1908: Austria nbr.

Spring 1909:

AUSTRIA (Jason Bergmann?? Jim Burgess, please standby): nmr. a mos, a lvn, a sil /-gal, -otb/, a war, a boh, a tyo, a tus /ann/, a ven, f ion, f adr, f gre, f apu all h.
ENGLAND (Tim Stark): f iri-mid (f eng s), a wal-lon, a denh, f nts h, a stp h (f nwy s).
FRANCE (Tom Nash): a mun-sil (a pru s (a ber s)), a bur-mun (a kie s), a pie-ven, f lyo-tus (a rom s), a gas-mar, f bel h, f wes-tyn (f tun s), f tyn-nap.
ITALY (Vince Lutterbie): f nap s aus a tus-rom /nso/.

Next turn: Fall 1909

Italy: I disagree, when playing the gNash, there's always a chance for a win. Besides, now that Kathy is in here (?), she might even go for it.
GM: Sorry, no Katie.
Nash to Bozo: Give it up, Jason! Tim or Kathy ... no cheap wins here!

FARPOINT Woolworth IID

WINTER 00: WHERE ARE YOU?

Austria (Tom Nash): a bud, a vie, f tri.
Balkans (Pete Clark): a bul, a ser, f gre.
England (???): f lon, f edi, choice lvp.
France (???): a par, f bre, choice mar.
Germany (???): a ber, a mun, f kie.
Italy (???): a ven, f nap, choice rom.
Russia (Phil Reynolds): a mos, a war, f sev, choice stp.
Scandanavia (???): a swe, f cop, f osl.
Spain (Richard Weiss): a por, f mor, choice mad.
Turkey (Tim Stark): a con, f ank, choice smy.

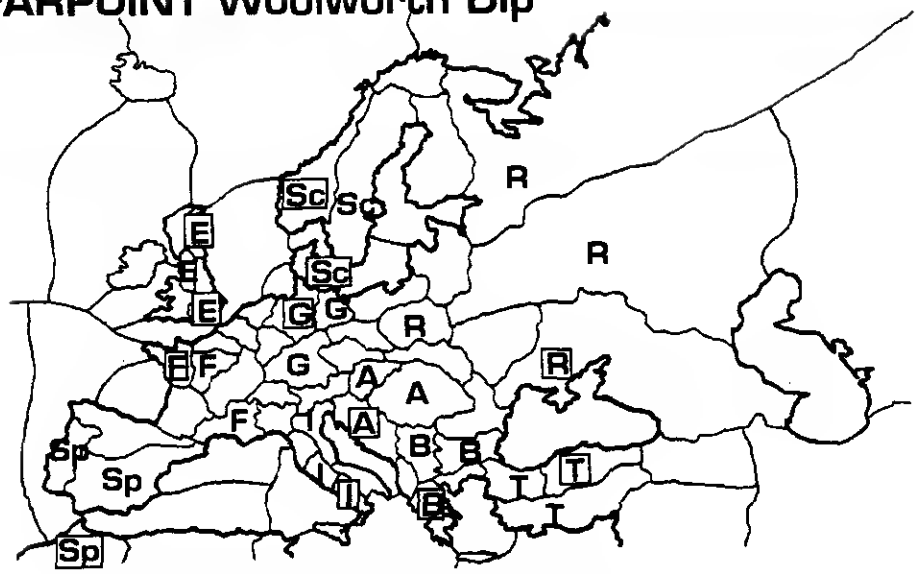
I have placed armies in all 'choice' situations–please draw no conclusions from this! Map notes: I will use "Oslo," not Norway as shown on the map. Sorry for the size of Copenhagen and Crete; I'm working on the map to make them more obvious.

Public countries were assigned randomly first, then secret powers were assigned at random with the proviso that certain neighbor-combinations were not allowed. Yes, I know it's weird to have the west so 'invisible,' but I can think of worse arrangements!

Your Secret Power is: _____.

Next Turn: Winter set-ups (for those of you who have choices) **and Spring 01** (*not* 1901) **moves**
Deadline: Friday, October 19

FARPOINT Woolworth Dip



MAGRATHEA / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1905

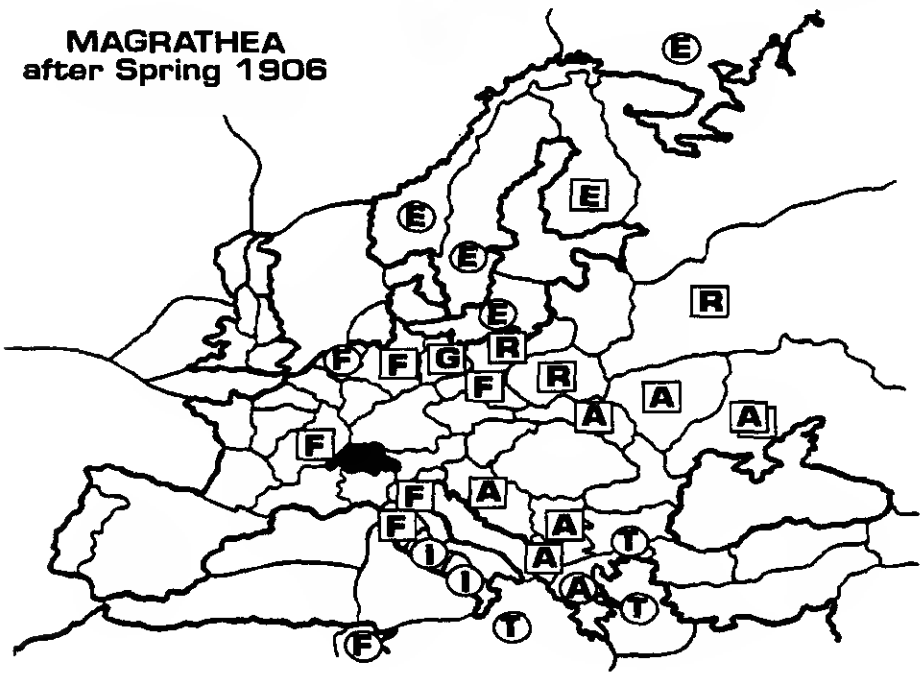
Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	gre	rum	bul	.	.	.	.	.	7
England	edi	lon	lvp	nwy	swe	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	bel	hol	den	ven	tun	kie	mun	12
Germany	ber	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1
Italy	rom	nap	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4
Turkey	con	ank	smy	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3

FAMILY COURT

One would be in less danger
From the wiles of the stranger
If one's own kin and kith
Were more fun to be with.

Ogden Nash

MAGRATHEA after Spring 1906



MAGRATHEA / 1989B

E/F draw: F & R yes, T no. F concession: R yes, F & T no. All others no vote received.

Spring 1906: The Anti-Boat

AUSTRIA (Richard Pinelli): a rum-sev (a ukr s (a gal s)), f bul/sc-gre (a ser s), a bud-tri, a tri-alb.
ENGLAND (Jim Diehl): f nwg-bar, a nwy-fin (f swe s), f ska-nwy, f bal-pru.
FRANCE (Tim Stark): f hel-hol, a kie s english f bal-ber /nso/, a mun-sil, a bur-mun, a pie-tus (a ven s), f tun-ion.
GERMANY (Karl Hoffman): a ber-mun.
ITALY (Gary Behnen): f nap-tyn, f rom-tyn.
RUSSIA (Geoff Richard): a stp-mos, a sev-ukr (a war s (a pru s)) /a sev -arm, -otb/.
TURKEY (John Crosby): f con-bul/sc (f aeg s), f ion s italian f nap-tyn.

Next Deadline: Fall 1906

Rome: In the face of stiff opposition, the French Gov't crumbles!
Italy to Turkey: My, you are not a very gracious player ... just say thank you!
France to Italy: On with the Game! Don't take my inability to read a calendar as a sign of weakness. I can still whip you with five Armies tied behind my back! I'll take the "pond-scum" letter to my *grave*.
GM to France: Care to Enlighten the rest of us *about your letter*?

LAKKDAROL / Downfall of the Lord of the Rings

By now, this is a tradition–the Errata: After leaving two units off his orders in Astron I, Brian then left another unit off in Thrimidge I. So he has yet another build coming to catch up. His unit in Aza is a C (correct in moves, wrong on map), and A Nin (plus Umbar A Lhû) was left off the map.

Since Steve Nicewarner has been shipped off to guard gasoline, I suppose his position will go into civil disorder (he *is* welcome to get orders in from his post in Saudi Arabia, if he can). I don't call standbys for positions with fewer than three dots.

Forelithe II: Big Bad Aragon

DWARVES (Larry Botimer—see COA): A Iron Hills ms A Withered Heath.

ELVES (Jason Bergmann?? Pete Clark please standby): nmr. A North Downs, F Grey Havens, A Shire, A Eotheod, A Wilderland, A Brown Lands, A Esgaroth, A Elven King's Halls, A River Running, A Old Forest Road, A South Downs.

GANDALF (Rob Wittmond): Ra Edoras-Erech and becomes a 2A!,
Fe
Ga

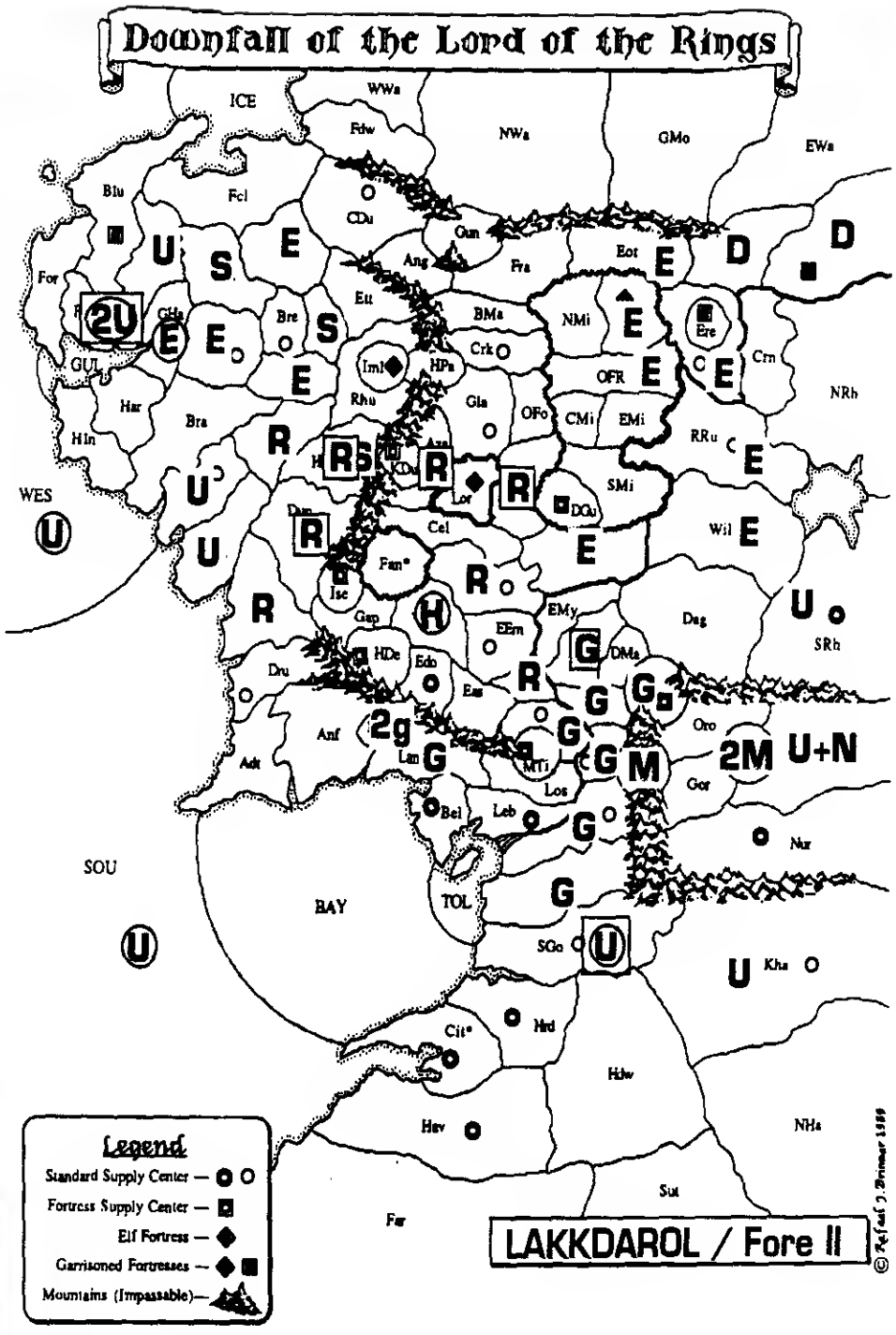
GONDOR (Lance Anderson): A South Ithilien-Minas Morgul (A Osgiliath s (A Anorien s)), A Poros h, C Dead Marshes-Nindalf-Entwash, A Udûn h (A North Ithilien s), A Belfalas-Lamedon, Faramir

MORDOR (Craig Mills): Sauron & A Barad-dûr h, A Minas Morgul h.

ROHAN (Brian Hogan): C Rhudaur-Hollin (C Dunland & A Greenway s), C Wold-Celebrant-Anduin, A Nindalf-Entwash, C Azanulbizar-Gladden Fields-High Pass, A Gap of Rohan-Enedwaith, A West Emnet-Wold, Herd West Emnet h.

SARUMAN (Steve Nicewarner—see COA): nmr. Saruman and A Hollin h /retreat to -kdm or otb/, A Amon Sûl h, A Nenuial h.

(continues on page 9)



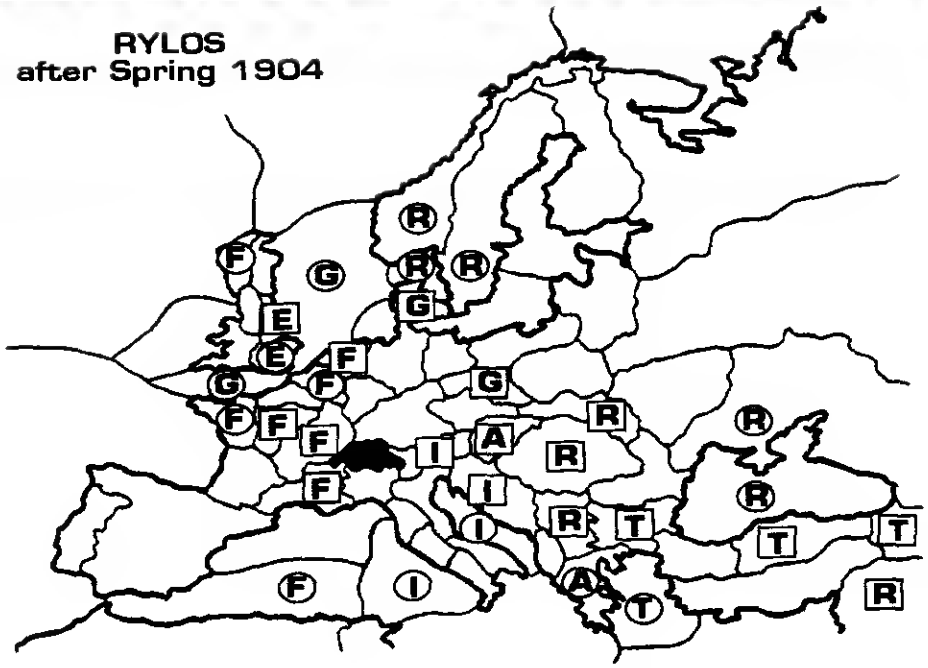
LAKKDAROL / SUPPLY CENTERS held after Forelithe II

Dwarves	ere	iro	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2/2	even
Elves	ekh	gha	iml	lor	gla	~~end~~	crk	rru	esg	cdm	shi	.	.	.	.	11/10	remove one
Gandalf	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	0/0	even
Gondor	bel	lam	leb	mti	sit	osg	ano	udu	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	8/8	even
Mordor	bar	mmo	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2/2	even
Rohan	herd	edo	hde	dru	dun	eem	dgu	ise	wol	AND	HOL	.	.	.	.	9/11	build three
Saruman	kdm	~~hol~~	bre	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3/2	remove one
Umbar	cit	hrd	hav	sgo	kha	mln	nur	fld	blu	srh	.	.	.	.	.	10/10	even

(Herd is at West Emnet.) Gandalf may build armies in centers taken by the 2A, or build one R unit in Nenuial which requires no SC for support (please inform the GM of your choice); the 2A may not take a Gondor home sc until it has taken some other dot.

UMBAR (Geoff Richard): 2A/F Forlond** ms A Lhûn, A Andrast-Gwathlo (A Minhiriath s & F Southern Sea c), F Western Sea s A Min, A/F Bay of Belfalas-South Gondor, A South Gondor-Khand, A Gorgoroth+Nazgul-Ered Lithui, A Dagorlad-South Rhûn.
**Ringwearer.

Next turn: adjustments & Afterlithe I
Rohan to Elves: Oh, okay. I'll give it back.
GM to Rohan: Who asked you?
Umbardacil to Denethor: Your moves contradict your words. It's up to you to reestablish the trust. You can't get into Umbar and I can't get into Gondor. There is no reason for us to fight.
Rohan to Saruman: Retreat to the mines! The Balrog's reputed to be an excellent cook. And besides, your Urak-hai must be mortally tired of the sunshine in Hollin.
Theoden to Dain: Short One! Do you hang onto life just for the pleasure of saying, "I told you so?"
Umbar to Dwarf: Good, I'm glad you took that so well.
GM to Dwarf: You deserve a break today. And you're getting one.
Lord of the Mark to the Chief Corsair: Your presence in my southern fief is totally unnecessary. Gondor has not been a problem there and the people of Iaur are happy under our benevolent neglect. It would be a pity to have to attend to that province again should rumors of piracy and pillaging continue or prove true. Please continue your convoy north to the Saruman fray or south to the Mordor mop-up where the plunder is sure to be richer and leave the farmers of the Central Coast to their ecotopic existance.
Gondor to Rohan: Your false generosity begins to wear on my nerve. You chose the lesser of two evils and made your choice freely. So what if Umbar took South Rhûn? He earned it. Is he supposed to "give" something to you? *Take* what you want or be silent!
Umbardacil to Theoden: Don't be greedy. You are going to get Hollin, giving you 10 and me 10. Gondor will get the remaining Mordor centers, so he will be at 10. The Elves will get to 12 with Iron Hills. If you want a center, ask him for one.
GameMaster to Umbar: It sounds as if you're counting on having a conscious Elf.
All to Gondor: Let the Dwarf live? What's in it for you!?!



RYLOS / 1989IF

Spring 1904: End Around
AUSTRIA (Gilles Tanguay?? Craig Mills please standby): nmr. f gre h, a tri h /ann/, a vie h.
ENGLAND (Steve Nicewarner—*see* COA): f lon s french f bre-eng /nso/ (a yor s).
FRANCE (Tom Nash): f bel-eng, f bre-mid, a mar-bur, f lvp-wes, a bur-bel (a hol s), f lvp-cly, a par-bur.
GERMANY (J.R. Baker–see COA): f eng-mid, f nts-den, a den-swe, a mun-sil.
ITALY (John Crosby): a ven-tri (a tyo & f adr s), f ion-tyn.
RUSSIA (Melinda Holley): a war-gal (a bud s (a ser s)), a arm-ank /retreats to syr/, f rum-bla (f sev s), f nwy-ska (f swe s), f stp/nc-nwy.
TURKEY (Lance Anderson): a bul h, f con-aeg, a smy-arm (a ank s).

Next Deadline: Fall AND Winter '04
Germany to All: I'm back in Houston; sorry I've been so busy, but I'll write soon.
Turkey to Paris: Perhaps if I had your cozy little set-up I wouldn't *be* on defense.
Germany to France: I hope you've shown me some signs of mutual respect that can lead to cooperation.
Turkey to England: Have a little pride – at least put up a fight. Don't just spread you legs wider for the French...
Germany to England: There's room for your fleets in this game! I hope Tom is going to be reasonable.
GM to England: Hey, Steve, the gang is all waiting for you!
Paris to Moscow: So *many* northern fleets!
Germany to Russia: I've got to give him one more chance to be reasonable – if not then I help you win for my survival.
GM to Germany: Gnash? Reasonable? A joke, right?
Paris to Rome: Still wary of you, but slowly we are disengaging. *Very* slowly. *Very* warily!
Germany to Austria: I sure would be interested in your version of what's happening.
GM to Rylosians: Don't forget your Fall retreats and Winter adjustments with Fall moves.

RYLOS / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1903

Austria	vie	tri	gre	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3
England	edi	lon	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	bel	hol	lvp	.	.	8
Germany	kie	mun	ber	den	.	.	.	.	.	.	4
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	.	.	.	.	.	.	4
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	rum	nwy	bud	ser	.	9
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	.	.	.	.	.	.	4

FREIBUR / 1990AQ

Fall 1901: HomeOwner's Policy

AUSTRIA (Larry Botimer—see COA): a tyo-mun, f alb-gre (a ser s).

ENGLAND (Gary Behnen): a yor-nwy (f nts c, f nwg s).

FRANCE (Chuck Mercer): a bur-bel, f mid-por, a mar-spa.

GERMANY (Richard Pinelli): f den h, a ruh-bel (a hol s).

ITALY (Melinda Holley): a apu-ven, a ven-tri, f ion-tun.

RUSSIA (Don Williams): a stp-nwy, f bla-rum (a ukr s), f bot-swe.

TURKEY (John Schultz): a bul-rum, f con-bla, a ank-arm.

Next turn: Winter 1901

Russia to Austria: A DMZed Galicia, without negotiating? We are either very good players ... or very bad ones.

GM to R: Three guesses, and the first two don't count.

Russia to All: What?! This isn't gunboat?!!! Hoo-boy, am I in trouble or what?

GM to R: See above.

England to Russia: See, when you puppet to Austria we *ALWAYS* end up in conflict. Why did you stab Turkey? He apparently bought into your plan. Must we persist in this??

Russia to England: If you wanted it bad enough, you got it. I couldn't decide not to move on Norway, but I'm not really looking for a war, okay?

Turkey to England: Bear stew. I hope.

Don to John: See? I told you it was only a trawler. Lighten up.

Turkey to Russia: OK! I deserved it, but you could have lived without the aggravation.

England to Germany: Be careful, my Kaiser, the East looks "Tripled."

England to France: Ditto, Mr. President. Nothing is as it seems in the Balkans.

France to England: Are we still in the chill-out mode?

GM to France: Yes, he's in the frigid North all right.

Rome to Vienna: Is this a dagger I see before me?

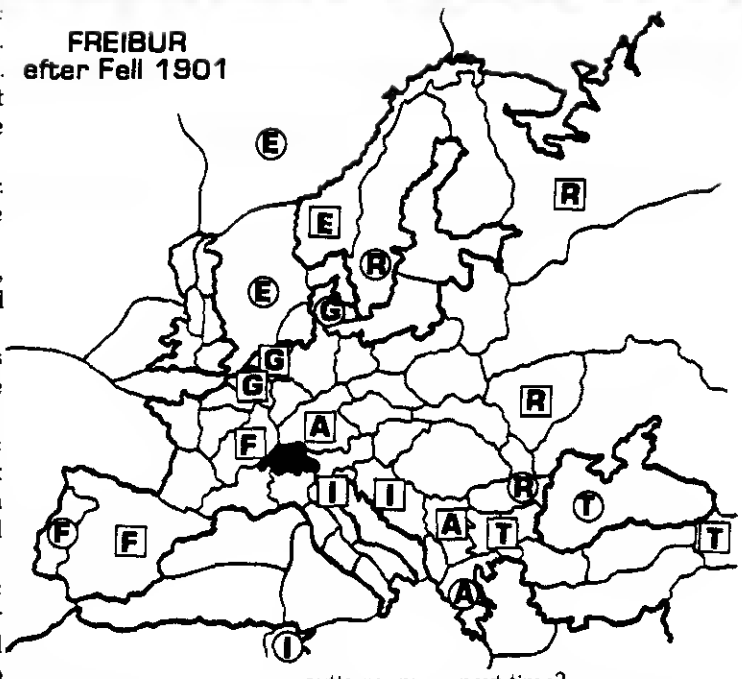
GM to Rome: Funny, I thought you didn't have a husband to kill for?

England to Austria: I agree with your proposal, but add perhaps Caruso on a roll of 2/3/12 ... CRAPS!

England to GM: I saw Don at Poolcon. He *DOES* exist! Hey, you missed a great con – care to visit the Ozarks next year?

GM to England: Thinking about it. It may come down to a choice between Poolcon and CanCon. Don't be too hard on the Donald; I've talked with him several times lately and his typical level of insanity is only slightly elevated...

Russia to Italy & France: Sorry, but I'm



outta room ... next time?

Turkey to GM: I feel an awful lot like the rookie brought up from the minors to replace an injured right fielder. I'm awed by the pros and afraid of dropping the first pop-up straight to me.

England to GM: Yeah, Cards are only spoilers this year. Perhaps Torre will work some off-season magic, but it will be awhile before Whitey's memory fades ... sob. Well, go Pirates!

GM to E: I expect Pittsburgh to beat Cincy in seven.

FREIBUR / SUPPLY CENTERS HELD as of Winter 1901

Austria	vie	~~tri~~	bud	MUN	GRE	SER	.	.	3/5	build two
England	lvp	lon	edi	NWY	.	.	.	.	3/4	build one
France	bre	par	mar	SPA	POR	.	.	.	3/5	build two
Germany	ber	kie	~~mun~~	BEL	HOL	DEN	.	.	3/5	build two
Italy	ven	rom	nap	TRI	TUN	.	.	.	3/5	build two
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	SWE	RUM	.	.	4/6	build two
Turkey	con	ank	smy	BUL	.	.	.	.	3/4	build one

Among The Trees – by Pete Gaughan

α The Dodgers and the Rangers managed to reach .500 in the same weekend back in July, and then sit there for several weeks. Now the Dodgers are on the move again (though they won't catch Cincinnati) but Texas is hovering. We saw the A's beat the Rangers Labor Day weekend; the Oakland Coliseum is truly a great ballpark! USC plays football at Stanford in mid-October, and we'll be there in the 'SC section at $22 a pop! Yeah, I have to pay alumni prices now – depressing thought.

β Well, we managed to host our first Diplomacy get-together on the West Coast. Besides the people listed in the Dip game below, we also had Don Del Grande, who managed to play a game of Illuminati before he had to leave. We had a good time, with the Diplomacy breaking up about 2:30 am; pizza and beer and talk about U.S. policy in the Gulf and about modern media, of course. We determined that we will probably have to plan what game will be played which night (e.g., schedule an evening for those who want to learn 1830, which turned out to be the most-requested but least well known). We'll try to host another one-nighter before we plan a weekend con, with the weekend currently on the calendar for December 28-30.

The Dip game at Chez Gaughan went like this: England managed to bounce himself out of nts in Spring 1901, and then was bounced out by Germany in Fall. Boy was I embarrassed. The group originally was discussing an F/G draw, but F and G suggested that I and T were a fairly formidable force and would probably tie them up eventually. So it was that Scott and Mark talked themselves from a two-way into a four-way.

(continues on page 12)

SESEFRAS MAGNA / 1988CH

Summer 1907: Russia retreats a sev-mos. Turkey retreats a rum-bul, f gre-aeg. France proposes E win; E/F, E/F/R, and E/R draws.

Fall 1907: Cornered Rats

AUSTRIA (civil disorder): a ser h /ann/.

ENGLAND (Jim Diehl): a rum s russian a mos-sev; f bel, f hol, f eng, f iri, & f nao all unordered.

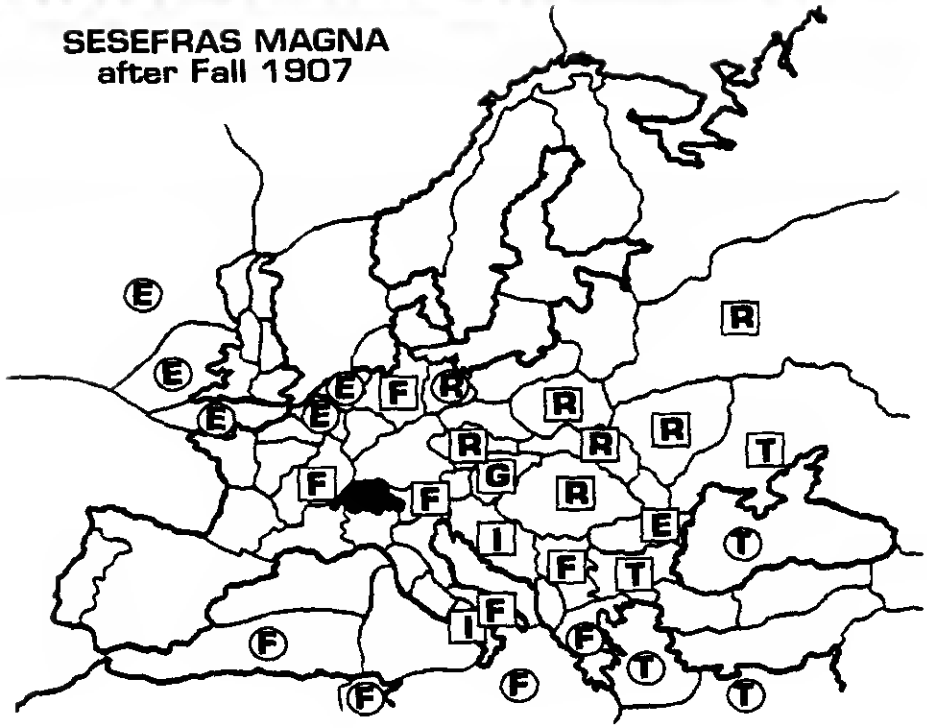
FRANCE (Larry Botimer—see COA): a tyo s ital a tri, a kie-mun, a bur-mun, f mid-wes, a apu s ital a nap, f ion-aeg, f tyn-tun, a alb-ser (f gre s).

GERMANY (Lance Anderson): a vie h.

ITALY (Stuart Lange): a tri s french a alb-ser, a nap h.

RUSSIA (Kathy Caruso): a mos-sev (a ukr s), a bud & a gal s eng a rum, a sil-boh, a war-mos, f ber holds Bo(t)'s hand.

TURKEY (John Crosby): f aeg h (f eas s), a bul-rum (a sev s (f bla s)).



SESEFRAS MAGNA / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1907

Austria	~~tri~~	~~ser~~	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2/0	out
England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	bel	hol	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	6/7	build one
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	den	kie	~~nap~~	mun	SER	GRE	TUN	.	.	9/11	build two
Germany	vie	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1/1	even
Italy	~~tun~~	con	ven	rom	TRI	NAP	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4/5	build two
Russia	stp	mos	war	swe	ber	~~sev~~	bud	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	7/6	remove one
Turkey	ank	smy	bul	~~gre~~	~~rum~~	SEV	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5/4	remove one

Next Deadline: Winter '07

KK to GM: "LADY??" What does that mean? Are you looking for trouble? If so, you've come to the right place.

Vienna to Paris: Unliberated, no. At libery, no. Expendable, yes.

A's to B.B.: Who? Sox? *What* Sox? Flying, you say? I think not. Excavators now.

Moscow to Paris: Maybe no one is drinking Bourbon in the Kremlin, but some Turkey is drinking Arsenic in Sevastapol!

German-in-Exile to Russia: Con? I preger west to east if you don't mind.

Katie to Jimbo: You, dear friend, can stop by my place for a drink of whatever, whenever.

Since I was asked: Last month's excerpt of *E for Effort* was from *The Mammoth Book of Golden Age Science Fiction: Short Novels of the 1940s*, edited by Asimov, Waugh, and Greenberg.

The Resident Curmudgeon

***To Catch a Forger* / Robert Wallace**

A neat, tidy 'novel of suspense,' the mystery here is not whodunit, but how in the world can an impoverished artist/art broker unmask them. It's tempting to say Wallace's book is too short – it's so friendly and enjoyable you could wish for another hour's entertainment. But far better to quit when you're ahead, no?

There are two mysteries within. One is whether or how six Degas monotypes have been stolen and replaced by forgeries. These are the pride and joy of Essington Holt's nearly-forgotten rich old aunt, so it very profitable to humor her in the idea that the etchings hanging on her wall are not the originals. Holt accepts a timely ticket from Australia to France's Cote d'Azur, where he figures out the old lady's not nuts after all.

Hence the second mystery is launched: How many layers of thievery and power lie behind this crime? The standard answer in mysteries is, Always one more than you thought. Not so here. All the proper suspects are in plain view, but it will take more than a letter to the local police to bring them to 'justice.'

To Catch a Forger never gets pedantic about the art world; it is accepted as a shared experience, so the author avoids ugly sections of background material so typical with specialized settings. Wallace gets on with the story. But he loses a great deal of credibility in the character of his protagonist. I mean, look, maybe you'll go along with Holt doing a pickup number on a secretary with the line, "What are you doing tonight?" [Response] "How about leg wrestling instead?" After all, he does later face severe resistence by another woman, so apparently they don't *all* fall at his ~~bed~~ feet. But even if you buy this, you'll find our hero's conversion into a Bond/Terminator mix implausible. How about the scene where he gets the drop on two hired thugs and drives them out of the country; or swimming out to a yacht in order to frighten the man on board into committing suicide... yes, really!

Find it in the library, or wait for the paperback, but do read it.

Stats for the ftf game:

country	01	02	03	04	player
Austria	5	5	3	2	Doug Smith
England	3	4	3	2	Pete Gaughan
France	5	6	6	7	Mark Lew
Germany	5	6	8	8	Scott Beckett
Italy	4	5	6	6	Lance Anderson
Russia	5	4	3	3	Ariel Nuncio
Turkey	4	4	5	6	Chuff Afflerbach

χ Disappearing gamemasters: Ran Ben-Israel (aka Randy Grigsby) has finally announced he's folding *Hagalil Hamaarvi*. This took far too long, but maybe now he'll be able to get game reports out (a decision on the games was still pending his return from a trip to England). I called Cathy Ozog some time back about her games and the possibility of running them here as a subzine; she sounded very receptive to the idea then; since that time I hear she's been to Poolcon but I haven't heard anything new on when she'll fold *Cathy's Ramblings*. In each of these zines I'm playing a hopeless Downfall position, but I would like to see them played out. Don Williams sez there will be a fold announcement for *Fiat Bellum!* within the next month, a sad item which unfortunately says nothing about whether Don will, as I hope, continue to write in the hobby beyond *Everything*....

δ Found a great quote on the topic of Good and Evil that Craig Mills and I have been swatting about:

In the degree in which I have been privileged to know the intimate secrets of hearts, I ever more realize how great a part is played in the lives of men and women by some little concealed germ of abnormality. For the most part they are occupied in the task of stifling and crushing those germs, treating them like weeds in their gardens. There is another and better way, even though more difficult and more perilous. Instead of trying to suppress the weeds that can never be killed, they may be cultivated into useful or beautiful flowers. For it is impossible to conceive any impulse in a human heart which cannot be transformed into Truth or into Beauty or into Love. — Henry Havelock Ellis

ε A very good article on the plight of forest rangers (literally underpaid and overworked – some are on food stamps) is in this month's issue of *Audubon* magazine. If you can't find it, I can send a copy.

The Roar of the Greasepaint
(the letter column)

Jim Burgess

I think you misunderstood me. I had never set foot in California until a couple of years ago and since then I've been to San Francisco, the Lake Tahoe area, Los Angeles, and San Diego. I'd hardly say those places are all the same, but they all feel like a foreign country to me. That is neither good nor bad, it's just different. Some of it is geographic. The sun, vegetation, geology and animal life are all different. The ocean in the west makes everything near the water feel "wrong" in the sense of being backwards. I won't explain it more because I don't know enough about California to say it intelligently. I just know I feel more uncomfortable there than any other part of the country from a *physical* point of view. I got a sense you thought I was talking about people, and I wasn't at all.

Now, I may be wrong, but except for some recent trends toward filming TV series in beautiful cities like Vancouver (a city that feels great), most TV series do their outdoor shots in California (we don't count credits like *WKRP in Cincinnati* or the like). I was just saying that the whole show *[[Murder, She Wrote]]* would look different (different light, different ocean, different architecture, different geology, etc.) if it were filmed in Maine *and* that filming in Mendocino doesn't look at all like Maine. It's not "wrong," it just would be nice to see the difference. Different does not make better or worse. I can be more specific about how Maine looks different, but you'd probably get a more interesting bias from Jeff McKee. Feelings are hard to put into words. I've done as well as I can in a short space.

[[I acknowledge something special about California (in another note, Jim mentions 'some intangible' about those four cities above), I was simply pressing you to describe it. My theory carries two main features of this state: the air is softer (even in the cities, though not in the desert, the humidity, temperature, and so forth are more pleasant than elsewhere), and people try to keep things low-key. Now, my comparison is mainly with Texas and the Midwest, since I've never been to the Eastern seaboard, but people out here don't raise their voices unless they have to. 'Peer' pressure.

[[Some other notable differences, specifically between California and Texas:

[[anti-litter campaign slogans: "Don't Mess With Texas" vs. "Care for California"

[[bumper stickers: "Don't Like My Driving? Call 1-800-EAT-SHIT" and "♥ N.Y.? Take I-30 East"; vs. "Visualize World Peace", "El Salvador is Spanish for Viet Nam" and "Think Globally, Act Locally"]]

Chuck Mercer

Thanks a lot for the opportunity to come over and meet you and get in a little face-to-face game time. I look forward to any such future gatherings with anticipation.

I just wanted to add a few footnotes to your piece on Yosemite. A few weeks ago my family and I took a backpack trip into the Sierras. My wife and I, and to a much lesser degree my children, feel that the best way to experience the Sierras is on foot and out in the backcountry far from the crowds. I don't know if John Muir said it, but for a number of reasons there is no better place to hike than in the Sierras in the summer. The primary reason is, of course, the awesome natural beauty of the terrain – the waterfalls, the glacier-carved rock, forests, meadows, etc. And to a backcountry traveller, the almost complete absence of rain during the summer coupled with daytime temperatures from the mid 70s to the low 80s make it a hiker's paradise. Also, if you travel late in the summer you don't even have many mosquitoes!

Our trip started near Devil's Postpile, which is on the east side of the Sierras and just southeast of Yosemite. Our destination was a hot springs about ten miles from the trailhead. We spent four days in the backcountry and saw about 15 people. And mind you, this was on a popular trail also used by horsepackers.

I have been hiking in the Sierras since 1975 and have seen a lot of the backcountry and have had many experiences, but the hot springs were an experience like no other. After ten miles and two days of hiking we arrived. The pools were situated in a grassy meadow and the view from the main pool invites serene contemplation. The main pool itself was boulder-lined with a gravel bottom; it measures about ten feet across and three feet deep. Hot water trickles out of boulders right into the pool, and someone

has stuffed a pipe into the trickle which enables you to put your head under a flow of warm water. The water was crystal clear and the perfect temperature for soaking. We had earned our soak time and to top it off we had it all to ourselves. I think our excessive enjoyment of this place was also directly related to the amount of effort required to get there, plus at that point, I needed a bath – no soap, however.

Two days later we were out, and after four days in the backcountry I was ready to indulge in other fantasies that had grown in my mind, such as ice cream and carbonated beverages.

I know that backpacking isn't for everyone but I think that the most intense direct experience gained is on foot, away from the crowds, just as Muir did.

One last piece of advice on Yosemite. If possible, visit in the offseason. The crowds are way down and it is just as beautiful.

[[Always glad to meet folks – I'm happy you could be here!]]

Steve Nicewarner

Just a note to tell you I'm still alive. ... Some quick notes about Saudi – everyone here is relaxed by ready. Of course, I'm about 200 mi from Kuwait. Unfortunately for me, I'm by a number of prime military targets. We'll see what happens.

Dave McCrumb

Loved *Earth Abides*. Now I will have to go out and buy it. Sounds a bit like me.

[[Welcome aboard, Dave.]]

John Galt

I hope this doesn't break your FFZ policy but – there is no need for a "war to save the planet" – the anti-progress folks are just good at the ancient game of "let's invent a crisis so the people will sacrifice without question." *Reason* magazine has put out some good stories on the ecology movement and those behind it.

There are no altuists – only good Dip players.

[[Er, um, gee ... welcome aboard, John. No, that doesn't feud; a feud is a personal battle, not an intellectual one.

[[Listen, I hope you will take this beating I'm about to give you with good humor, but you've either said a) too much, or b) not enough.

[[Who are you quoting about a "war?" Not me or Pere, that's for sure. What do you mean by anti-progress? After all, we all define these terms to make our own side look good (anti-progress is in the box with pro-life and pro-choice as far as abuses of English go). Who do you know, personally, in the ecology/environmental/ conservation movement? Which of them want people to sacrifice without question? I think people begin to sacrifice (a little) because they question why and how things are done.

[[If you can handle all that, I'd love to see those articles. You make them sound like a conspiracy theory but I need an opposing viewpoint on something I'm so committed to. You may be right about altruism.]]

Chuff Afflerbach

Just got off the phone with Marie at the Barn, making reservations for the play. I'm bringing a group of eight for Saturday the 29th, so be quick on the those cues! I even dropped your name when I called ... only to realize that I still didn't know how to pronounce "Gaughan." She set me straight.

I'm interested in the game opening for "Fictionary"—interested in knowing how you'd run this by mail! What's to keep everyone from just looking the word up after you announce it? This must be a joke, right? Well, in case you're serious and have a plan I've overlooked, I'm interested. I've played Fictionary a bit with Ariel (you remember him, right?) and it happens to be his favorite game. So if it's happening, he might even sign up for your zine.

And here's a sign of the times—yesterday evening I was walking down College Avenue, and as I passed the Rockridge Cafe I did a double take, turned around and walked back. Yep, at the table by the window, there really were two young men playing a game of Panzer Blitz! We're talking about two techno-nerds on display at one of the neighborhoods trendiest eateries. Will the Gulf crisis bring more hex-heads out of the closets and into the streets?

[[The Barn, where the Ross Valley Players produce their shows, is getting rave reviews already for the production I'm working on, Corpse! As for my name, well, here again is the official line. For many years I said "gaw-gen" while my family said "gawn" as in Gone With The Wind. I have softened my pronunciation somewhat and my parents have hardened theirs ever since their trip to Ireland, so we all now tend to say "gaw-hen." Only trouble is, we all occasionally slip into one of the other sayings, so it's hard to pin us down to one!

[[In fact (going back to the play) we sold out tonight (175 seats) on the basis of half a dozen strong, positive reviews in local papers. There's even talk of the SF Chronicle sending a critic, something that's unheard of for community theater around the Bay Area.

[[Fic Dic has been run successfully in Prisoners of War *simply by telling the players that they must disqualify themselves if they are already familiar with a word (and prove it by giving the correct definition). I had planned to work on an average scoring system which would not penalize players in this instance.*

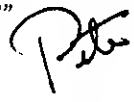
[[Hex-heads are rarely found in closets, since their boards require large table surfaces.

[[I think your sighting is very symptomatic of womething that happened during the Reagan administration. Notice how feeble political protest has gotten? (When Bush was in S.F. last week, the crowds were small, fragmented, shabby-looking, and frankly almost laughable in their slogans.) Do you see how military might gets cheered by college kids now? (This started, it seems to me, with Apocalypse Now, *which I had to misfortune to view with an auditorium full of ROTC students.) And it has filtered up; I can remember a day, within my voting life, when half the Democrats in Congress would have jumped up and screamed bloody murder at the word that the President was sending forces to guard oil wells.*

[[How is this relevant? Well, everyone knows that hex games require less thought and more reliance on Fate than thinking games like Diplomacy, right? And isn't it the current regime's goal to get us to rely more on their interpretations of our fate than our own faculties? Get them playing hex wargames and the next step might be forced recitations from the Sayings of President Bush.

[[But I digress. I see I have to choose between a page of assorted odds and ends, or publishing the Rail map for everybody. I lean toward sending the players only the map separately, and running some other items in the zine. Your opinion is solicited.

[[As always, "thank you for your support!"



Guest Critic

Brian W Aldiss

Introduction to *A Romance of the Equator* (collection of fantasy stories)

INTERVIEWER: How would you define fantastic then?

BORGES: I wonder if you can define it. I think it's rather an intention in a writer. Really, nobody knows whether the world is realistic or fantastic, that is to say, whether the world is a natural process or whether it is a kind of dream, a dream that we may or may not share with others.

Thus Jorge Luis Borges, in an interview in *The Paris Review* in 1967. If Borges cannot define fantasy, I am exempted from attempting the task.

Since Borges was interviewed, our view of nature has changed. Between 1967 and today, Jim Lovelock's theory of Gaia, which seeks to prove that our planet is suitable for life because the living organisms on it maintain that suitability, has claimed many adherents. Looked at from this fresh vantage point, the world becomes less of a natural process and more of a dream in which all living things unknowingly conspire. Much depends on what you mean by those two magic words, the world.

As the world is changing, so too is the word fantasy. It once meant an illusory appearance, or some supposition resting on no verifiable grounds. Only in this century has the word taken on other meanings, the psychoanalyst's-couch connotation of a daydream arising from the unconscious or, later still, the sense of a label for a kind of literary genre rather looked down upon. Thus, Queenie Leavis in her *Fiction and the Reading Public* speaks of "A habit of fantasying which will lead to maladjustment in actual life."

Fantasy is a quicksandy word, very different from the firm, straight path trodden by the likes of Queenie Leavis. Yet that "actual life" of which she speaks, so palusible on first appearance – how deceptive when approached, as Borges perceived. "Actual life" may be a fantasy too. It's many centuries since Chuang Tzu woke from a dream that he was a butterfly to ponder whether he was a man who had dreamed he was a butterfly or a butterfly who now dreamed he was a man. The question still teases us because of the duality of our nature.

Teases or pleases. I prefer having a dual nature. Robots have single natures. Humans need binocular vision to see each other with.

Trial by Jury of Your Peers

[This is excerpted from a column by Christopher Matthews in the San Francisco *Examiner*.]

IN VOTING to "reprimand" Barney Frank of Massachusetts, members of the House voted to reject two more severe sanctions. One, offered by Rep. William Dannemyer, R-Calif., was to expel him from the body. Another, offered by Rep. Newt Gingrich, R-Ga., was to "censure" him.

In rejecting the more severe sanctions, the House also rejected the arguments behind them.

Dannemeyer, the House's most extreme critic of Frank, said that the case against the Massachusetts lawmaker was merely one battle in what he described as a "cultural war" being waged in this country. The choice of whether to expel Frank was between those who supported the "Judeo-Christian ethic" and those who accepted a philosophy of "moral relativism," which he said accepted no "fixed standards" of personal morality.

The most compelling argument against Dannemeyer was made by Republican Fred Grandy of Iowa.

Grandy, who serves as a member of the bipartisan committee that investigated Frank's conduct and recommended the more moderate sanction, said there was no "clear and convincing evidence" that that the Massachusetts congressman knew that his aide was using his apartment for prostitution. The only hard evidence the committee was able to gather through 10 months of investigation concerned the parking tickets and the memorandum Frank had written to help his troubled aide with probation authorities.

As for Frank's lifestyle, Grandy refused to take sides. He said that if the House Ethics Committee has the job of deciding between the "Judeo-Christian ethic" and a "philosophy of moral relativism" then he didn't "deserve to sit on such a panel."

"I am not that good," he said, "to decide such matters. The ethics panel is not, he said, some "Olympian committee" or "Sanhedrin" that sits in judgment of a person's lifestyle or personal morality.

IT WAS the most powerful speech of the day and the most concise description of what the U.S. House of Representatives did last week in the case of Barney Frank. It judged Frank on the issue of how he had used his office. It judged him on the facts. It judged him not as a stranger but as a peer.

For Frank it was an odd sort of victory. On the eve of the vote to "reprimand" him, Frank said the judgment was fair but hardly something to brag about. It was not, he said, "like winning the Nobel Prize."

No it was not. But buried in those words of reprimand was an implicit statement by his hundreds of peers in the House of Representatives: You, Barney Frank, have the God-given talent to be a great congressman. You also have the personal right to be Barney Frank.

[[I would've supported the vote to censure Frank; I feel 'fixing' parking tickets is much more serious than apparently his colleagues believe. But the members who rose to put Frank's sexual behavior on trial should have been scolded much more severely than they were. Gut-check, Mr. Foley.]]

On Philosophy

When [Edmund Wilson] defined as "humane" an impulse to avoid telling a friend who wanted to contribute to *Lit* that his manuscript was terrible, Gauss suggested that the right word was "weak." ...

In preceptorials [Gauss] usually confined himself to Socratic questioning. When he asked where beauty, justice, goodness, and other values come from, and Wilson replied, "Out of the imaginations of men," however, Gauss commented, "That is correct." It was a memorable moment for the student, who fifteen years later used this phrase in criticizing Eliot's assertion that civilization depended on the Christian church. ...

Although [philosopher Norman] Kemp Smith apparently believed in God, he remarked that if you were not persuaded of immortality, "you ought not to allow yourself to be convinced by the death of a favorite daughter."

(*The American Scholar*, Summer 1990, pg. 423)

One great reason why men practice generosity so little in the world is, their finding so little there. Generosity is catching; and if so many men escape it, it is to a great degree, for the same reason that countrymen escape smallpox – because they meet with no one to give it to them.

Lord Fulke Greville (1554-1628)

PLAYER ROSTER

Please check carefully for errors! **bold** = new address; s = standby; lowercase = called as standby; ??? = nmr'ed

Lance Anderson	Box 29175	San Francisco, CA 94129-0175	RYL LAK ZEL S/M
J. R. Baker	**265 El Dorado #2314**	**Webster, TX 77598**	BEL ZEL RYL-s
Gary Behnen	13101 South Trenton	Olathe, KS 66062	MAG FRE
Jason Bergmann ???	Box 1937	Decatur, GA 30031	LAK FOM GRA
Larry Botimer	**1900 SW Campus Dr #38-104**	**Federal Way, WA 98023**	LAK-s S/M FRE
Eric Brosius	41 Hayward Street	Milford, MA 01757	GRA
Jim Burgess	100 Holden Street	Providence, RI 02908	fom
Stephen Carter	435 McCarron Avenue	Rifle, CO 81650	ZEL
Kathy Caruso	636 Astor Street	Norristown, PA 19401	S/M-s
Pete Clark	7095 North Fruit #143	Fresno, CA 93711	FAR lak
John Crosby	9031 Cardiff Road	Richmond, VA 23236	MAG S/M RYL
Jim Diehl	10530 West Riverview Drive	Eden Prairie, MN 55347	MAG S/M
Gregory Ellis	1709 San Antonio #211	Austin, TX 78701	BEL ZEL
Karl Hoffman	115 Colonial Court	Emmaus, PA 18049	MAG
Brian Hogan	Box 7003	Los Osos, CA 93412	LAK
Melinda Holley	Box 2793	Huntington, WV 2S727-2793	ZEL RYL FRE
Tom Hurst	5628 Bymeland Street	Madison, WI 53711	BEL ZEL-s
Stuart Lange	904 Fox Chase Lane	Riverdale, GA 30296	S/M
Bruce Linsey	Box 1334	Albany, NY 12201	GRA
Vince Lutterbie	1021 Stonehaven	Marshall, MO 6S340	FOM
Jeff McKee	481 Westbrook Street #105G	South Portland, ME 04106-1939	BEL
Chuck Mercer	Box 305	Forestville, CA 95436	FRE
Craig Mills	3085 Old Highway 8, #22	Roseville, MN 55113	LAK-s GRA ryl
Tom Nash	202 Settler's Road	St. Simons Island, GA 31S22	BEL FOM RYL GRA FAR
Steve Nicewarner ???	**220-76-2329, 18 Corps Fin Gp (Abn), APO, NY 09657**		LAK-s RYL
Richard Pinelli	2045 West Fargo	Chicago, IL 60645	FRE MAG
Phil Reynolds	2896 Oak Street	Sarasota, FL 34237	FAR
Geoff Richard	5906 Marvin Loving Drive #206	Garland, TX 75043	LAK MAG-s GRA-s
John Schultz #19390	Indiana State Prison, Box 41	Michigan City, IN 46360	BEL ZEL-s
Tim Stark	605 West Doyle	Granbury, TX 76048	FOM-s MAG BEL FAR
Gilles Tanguay ???	14225 Haymeadow	Dallas, TX 75240	RYL
Richard Weiss	432 Cole	San Francisco, CA 94117	FAR
Don Williams	43S04 N. Gadsden Avenue #227	Lancaster, CA 93534	FRE
Brad Wilson	Box 126	Wayne, PA 19087	BEL
Rob Wittmond	2924 Petaluma Avenue	Long Beach, CA 9081S	LAK
Ed Wrobel	6204 Bardu Avenue	Springfield, VA 221S2	GRA

GAME OPENINGS / ZINE BUSINESS

I've received quite a few changes and additions this month, and some of this is from memory, so bear with me if I leave you out [or list you] incorrectly. You still have time to catch Planet Blue and the two new Snowball Fights, Hrt and Yzazys.

FARPOINT - Woolworth IID Diplomacy (gamefee $5): GAMESTART INSIDE. Nash, Stark, Weiss, Reynolds, and Clark.

PLANET BLUE - Fictionary Dictionary (no gamefee): I toss out a really rare word; each player writes definitions to try and fool the others, while trying to guess the correct definition. (Those not playing are welcome to suggest words!)
Craig Mills, Jason Bergmann, John Schultz, Lance Anderson, Richard Weiss, J.R. Baker, Jim-Bob Burgess, Brian Hogan, David McCrumb. This *will* start nextish, so sign up quick if you want in.

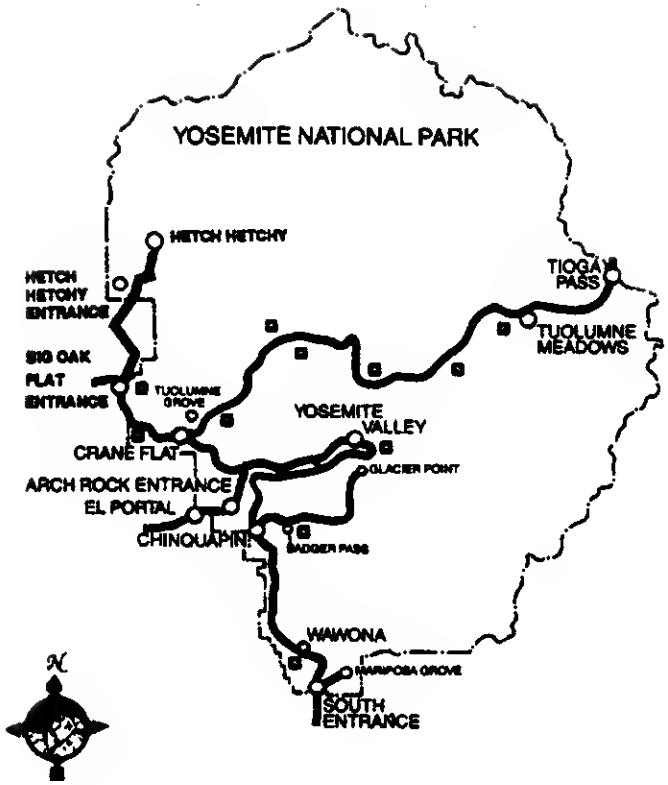
RAILWAY GAMES: What do you think? Railway Rivals? I hesitate to open another EB or BR until Gramarye wraps up.

HRT and YZAZYS - Snowball Fighting (free): I am offering two more sections of SF. The anonymous or gunboat game (Hrt) is wide open (needs S or 6 players) *and will be played on the old, original map!* The other section will be a new Champions' Game. I am hereby inviting all past winners of postal SF to play. In order to fill out the field, I'll take other volunteers (Mark Weseman is first in line). Champions who have already accepted: Greg Ellis, Glenn Petroski, J.R. Baker. Others who are eligible: Daf, Pudge, Tom Hise, Jeff McKee and Al Tabor.

CHARACTER DIP - John Galt (701 Welch Road #1119, Palo Alto 94304) needs a couple more players for this in *The Assassin's Blade*. This is a combination of all the previous Cosmic Dip variants - mines, invisible units, psychic powers & so forth.

STANDBYS (all standby for Diplomacy only unless noted): Lance Anderson (dip,dev), J.R. Baker (dip,var), Gary Behnen, Jim Burgess (dip,var), Kathy Caruso, Pete Clark (dip,dnf), John Crosby, Steve Emmert, John Galt (dip,var), Tom Hurst (dip,asf,var), Chuck Mercer?, Craig Mills, Glenn Petroski, Geoff Richard, John Schultz, Tim Stark (dip,dnf), Richard Weiss (dip,var), Mark Weseman. I've set up a new system to track who's been called for which games. With all the nmrs lately, I'll try to spread out the duty and try not to call one person for different positions in one game.

NMR PRISON (no nmr insurance for the following): Jason Bergmann, Greg Ellis.



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Your subscription ends with the issue number at the top right of the label.
Will the following people please standby: Jim Burgess for Fomalhaut, Pete Clark for Lakkdarol, and Craig Mills for Rylos?